

“The worst pain a man can suffer: to
have insight into much and power
over nothing.”

– Herodotus

This is the bitterest pain among men, to have much knowledge but no power.

-Herodotus

“Of all men's miseries the bitterest is this: to know so much and to have control over nothing.”

-Herodotus

'We've had such terrible loss of life, maybe the smartest thing to do is pull it.'

-Larry Silverstein

Από αθλιότητες όλων των ανθρώπων η πιο πικρή είναι η εξής: να γνωρίζουν τόσο πολύ και να έχουν τον έλεγχο τίποτα .

-Kermit

CHAPTER ONE

When I was a dumbass, that was a very long time ago...
Because now I am older and wiser and back then I was a dumbass. Just kidding, I was always a genius. I was always so smart. Until I realized that it doesn't matter if you're smart. If you're in a room with dumbasses, they will kill you. That is an exaggeration, but. You get my point? Or are you a Russian? Are you a tranny? Are you in the NSA?

Who the fuck is going to read my novel? And is it a novel? What if my mom reads it? Shall I not use four letter curse words? These questions are on my mind. So let's just clear it up. I think I will use a pen name, and I

imagine typing out about 200 pages to be self published in short runs, which are now affordable in the year 2014. I plan to type one hour per day in the Chinatown branch of the Los Angeles Public Library. There is a drunk Chinese lesbian with a shaved head and neck tattoo behind me. This makes me slightly nervous. I feel I should focus on one range of my life, like childhood, but I haven't determined that yet. Now I am 36 years old. I was born in 1978.

My name is Dicksee MyDickilous.

I've wanted to write for a long time, mainly because I wanted library-looking bohemian girls on my jock serving me red wine. And I wanted to be a poster star like Jack Kerouac. Now, I have slightly different motivations. Since I am so much older and wiser, I simply wish to publish this work for the pure sake of completing a piece. And, like I said, you can publish a book for like \$5 nowadays, which is incredibly cheap. Ten copies would cost me \$50 and then if I sold them for \$10 a piece, I'd actually make a profit. Of course, factoring in the time it takes to type it, it's not worth it from a business standpoint. It's only worth it if I enjoy the process, because I can never drink red wine again, and it is unlikely that library bitches are going to be on my jock. But maybe.

I grew up mostly in Santa Dick, a nice beach town on the coast of California. You might have been there or heard of it. It's one hour south of San Fuckenstein.

When I think about my childhood nowadays I often think that I was too ungrateful. My dad and my mom both worked really hard to get my sister and I raised. I often had no idea what was going on. And now that I am older and

have worked a lot, I realize what an accomplishment it was that they raised me. I'm thinking about starting my own family, and I don't know if I have what it takes.

Last night I dreamt of my father. I was in the seat behind the driver's seat and he was driving. I looked at him in the rear view mirror and thought, "Wow, he was just in a coma. I really appreciate him now and I'll never know if this might be the last time I'll see him." In real life, he is dead.

I was thinking about this time I tried to piss on his grave. I thought that would be an appropriately provocative thing to write about. When I did that, I was probably half thinking of the time I'd write about it. It seemed like a wild, traumatic legendary thing to do. Funny thing was, I think I came back the next day in the daylight and realized I had pissed on the plot right next to his grave. I could imagine him thinking, "ha HA!"

Why would I piss on his grave? Well, now I will let you the reader muse about that while I type about something else. Besides, you might be taking a dump and you might need a moment to wipe your asshole with toilet paper. Or maybe, just maybe this will be printed on paper in the future and you will be wiping your asshole with this piece of paper. That is a good thing to imagine. That means I will have completed my book. Maybe, just maybe I'll have 100 copies of this lying around in a cabin, and I will be wiping *my* ass with it. That's a fine thought as well.

It is compelling to wonder why there even needs to be books anymore. The internet has been hugely successful for at least 15 years and for at least 5 years now, we have had portable handheld computers that are capable of

transmitting huge amounts of text and movies. Is it even necessary to tell stories in book form anymore? Of course not. So there must be some attachment or amusement to making a book. A paper book.

Well, most people of my generation and many preceding generations grew up with books, so there is a bit of nostalgia attached. And like I said, the Kerouac red wine library bitch fantasy. But nowadays, if I wanted to get tang, I'd probably become a graffiti artist and photographer of models. In fact, maybe I'll do that. But right now, I am broke and typing is my game. Typing is free. Typing is safe. Typing is legal. Plus, I want to make a book.

Well, my hour is almost up and I am going to go finish my breakfast cheesecake and spend the last of this month's money on Starbucks coffee. I will login to the internet and publish shitty little complaints on Facebook and post pictures and cartoons on Instagram. I will read news about Obama and Putin and look at all the people I've ever been friends with. All the people I grew up with, many who now have families. I will think, where did I go wrong? Where did I go right? What's next?

And maybe that is what this book is. I hope I write many books. Well, shit, I actually have twenty minutes left. Ok. My name is not really Dicksee MyDickilous. But really, I don't necessarily need my mom reading about how gross and sleazy I am. I just read a meme that said: "Write like your parents are dead." Then the description stated that we are always trying to please our parents. I don't think that's accurate for everyone of course, but it is interesting. It's more like we're all a bunch of spoiled sleazy brats and we are still trying to get away with shit

while pretending that we don't poop or fuck when we see our folks. The question is, do I just dwell on fecal matters, or are there matters more sublime and noble to discuss? Ultimately, I think there is nothing more sublime and noble than poop and sex. Poop helps our food grow and everybody poops usually once a day. And everybody was made from fucking. Everybody is the direct result of thousands of fuck sessions. And they were all heterosexual. Perhaps your grandpa was secretly a homo, but when he was banging your grandma, he was temporarily straight. Perhaps your great-great-ancestor grandma was a lesbian, but at some point she had some dick.

I spent about a year living in a graveyard a couple years back. I would like to tell that story. Should I save it for chapter two? I don't know, here goes. No, I'll save that for another time, but suffice to say, I really don't ever use the word suffice. But suffice to say, living in a graveyard is a good way to think about the leveling effects of death. I slept above the corpses of some of the original pioneers of Santa Dick. In fact, General Dick was actually married to my lesbian grandma. Not really. My point is, everyone dies. And then a hundred years later some young bum comes along and sleeps above your corpse. And if he's polite, he urinates elsewhere. And if he's lucky he gets to have sex in the graveyard. That wasn't me. I was too cold and I couldn't get an erection. For the first time in my life, I had gone limp. I could blame the vodka or the cold. The girl was quite attractive, so it wasn't her fault. All I can think of is my friend. Am I making him laugh? I read another quote today, that there is no present God. There is only

happiness. The time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others happy. So perhaps it is good that I think of my friend. I hope that you the reader are not my friend. I hope you have purchased this book from me, or found it near the toilet of a bohemian library bitch. Or maybe you are a bohemian library bitch. If you happen to be a bohemian library bitch, sorry, you are not really a bitch. Just like I am not really Dicksee, see? If you are drinking red wine, enjoy it. But please do not offer me red wine. I am done with drinking. I must not ever drink again, and I must not forget that this is serious. But everything else is a joke. I will see you in chapter two.

CHAPTER TWO

Right now I am reviewing this self-publishing software and thinking, "My, what dumbasses designed this shit of bull?" But hey, formatting issues aside, let's get back to the narrative. Now it is October 26th, 2015, and I am 37 years old. It has been an entire year since I typed that first chapter. My, I am such a dedicated typist. I remember I had to leave Chinatown because a young scrap threatened to chop me with a samurai sword. And then this other fool stepped to me, and I thought, "Case... It's Chinatown." So I bailed to WeHo and turned gay. Then I was gay happily ever after. The end.

No, butt really. Er...

I now think I should write about my childhood only as it relates to my adulthood. That would be the adult thing to do. I

think. But wait, let me call my sponsor. My non-paying sponsor. It's amazing how many people in recovery have "sponsors" who don't pay them. And what does your sponsor do to make sure you understand the words of recovery? He or she has you look them up in a dictionary. But you look up the word sponsor and Lo and fucking Behold:

sponsor

noun spon·sor \ 'spän(t)-sər\

- : a person or organization that pays the cost of an activity or event (such as a radio or television program, sports event, concert, etc.) in return for the right to advertise during the activity or event
- : a person or organization that gives someone money for participating in a charity event (such as a walk or race)
- : an organization that gives money to an athlete for training, clothes, equipment, etc., in return for the right to use the athlete for advertising

YOU FORGOT TO PAY ME BITCH!

GO FUCK YOURSELF! YOU INDUCE CODEPENDENCY
WITHIN ME!

But back to the semblance of a mature reflection on my life...
unlock the caps lock.

Breathe...

oh well, out of time for today, but I formatted the cover of this
bitch.

LURKER.

CHAPTER THREE

Well, here I am wondering about Oxford commas and shit, i.e. grammar. Because after all the prepositions and syntaxes are settled, grammar school was where the teacher made you raise your hand in order to pee in a urinal or try to shit in a toilet. And if you didn't put the subject before the predicate, you crapped your pants and then she made everyone laugh at you.

Because fuck Oxford! And fuck English fool! We're Americanish!

But more than Spanglish and Ebonics, fuck a frikkin comma. A comma is a bare approximation of a pause that occurs when a living, breathing slave pauses in speech. Something that is definitely not occurring right now unless a being is reading this text aloud.

And what's up with spellcheck not just autochanging my fucking words?

I could give a fuck if there's two "r"s in "occurring," or whether the comma comes before the apostrophe, etc. But, you know, a man's gotta screw who a man's gotta screw, and I need kinky, grammatical females to read this and correct me so we can bang. We'll be discussing a comma and the next thing you know, my sperm will be dripping out of your twat.

It happens.

By the way, if you are a male, you're allowed to laugh aloud or silently to yourself while admiring my game, but that's it.

Today this nice guy I know bought me a sandwich and a Dr. Pepper. We sat and talked about sobriety and rage and occupations. By the end of the conversation, I was surprised to realize he had barely annoyed me at all and had not attempted to admonish my behavior in a noticeable way. I thought, "What the heck, that was almost pleasant." But it was really just a physical feeling of relief.

A sane man? In Los Angeles?

Well, as many of us are wont to realize, sanity is just a relative term. Once insanity is experienced, sanity becomes a very appealing state of mind. That is, if you like the effects of sanity.

I just wonder if I used wont correctly and if putting two spaces after a period is a friendly thing to do or just willful. I mean, then you can see the start of a sentence a little more easily. It's a public service.

And now for some spicy shit.

This one time this guy almost fucked me in the ass, but I guess my prolapsed anus was just too difficult to penetrate. He eventually stopped trying and just wanked it I guess.

We were in an abandoned building that I had christened "The Cosmos." It was at 1625 Palo Alto Ave. in Echo Park.

I was sure I was taking over the building and I was imagining all the amazingly fun things I was going to build into this condemned property.

Then I got arrested and the building was demolished while I was in jail. I got mad at some of my "friends" for not photographing some of the priceless art I painted on the walls and floors of this place.

My art was gone, and I was bummed.

"Shit" is a common noun in 2015. When you "gotta take care of some shit," you are saying that you feel compelled to achieve some activities. When you "did some shit you weren't proud of," you basically enacted some experiences that are usually derided by the majority of prudent humans in your vicinity. But when you "smoked

some shit," you are usually talking about meth, or what passes for meth on the streets.

I heard from this guy in jail that a lot of "meth" is actually just a photo cleaning substance that gives a short-lived high that is comparable to methamphetamine, but I am not a specialist in meth, so I don't know.

I just searched yahoo and google about that, but fuck, I don't know.

I just tossed in that butt fuck story to draw in the errant wanderers. But I think eventually this book will be most suited for the porcelain shelf atop your shit throne, and since I estimate you're about done with your bowel movement, this chapter is almost done.

But also, my hour here at the library is almost up.

I'm digging this experience though, and I think I may devote another hour to chapter four. I just don't want to overdo it, lest I begin to loathe or resent the practice of typing. Dare I ever refer to myself as a writer, slap me and shout, "You're a typer, damn you! You TYPE!!!"

If I was a writer, I'd be like Hemingway, standing above a chest of drawers, using an ink pen on sheets of paper, having a beard. Then I'd make some poor librarian bitch of the fifties type my shit for some typesetter to decode, etc. Fuck it, cut to the chase, type. AND, call yourself a typist, you vain beard-haver.

I saw Hemingway's typewriter at a museum recently. But more on that in Chapter Four.

CHAPTER FOUR

You know, not all chapters are created equal. But this one is meaty. Basically, in order to understand me, you are going to want to go to Google and type "WTC7" and hit enter.

WTC7

I urge you to do this, unless you are already intimately familiar with the results and the implications of the search.

So many people would not do such a simple thing that I bet that thouest, fair peruser of alphanumeric characters, might as well not have done it either.

Even if you are well versed in 9/11 truth studies, consider comparing the search results of yahoo vs. google and the net result of search algorithms and their relationship to meta data.

But back to the generalized critic of word shape and cognifier of typical connotations:

You are the "typical" one. And you I generally disdain, but not today.

How could you not have become acquainted with the demands that the September 11th attacks place upon all humans, but particularly those of North American origin circa the 21st century?

The moral imperative placed upon conscious beings in North America is immense, but often, all too often shirked. Mainly by bitches and hos. Bitches, comedians and hos. Male hos, female hos.

If you never googles WTC7, you can count yourself as a fucking ho. Or a very bad comedian. Conscious enough to read this, yet unconscious enough or too preoccupied to ever have googled WTC7?

I'd say, "Where have you been living, Arkansas?," but many people in Arkansas have googled WTC7, I am sure. It takes a particular lack of responsibility to ignore the most ardent, patriotic and persistent members of our nation. But somehow you succeeded.

But for my own sanity, I must now address the deniers and the truthers equally. After all, I heard even Pynchon wrote a 9/11 truth book... "however obliquely" might have been the modified review...

I am devoted to transcending my previous disdain without dividing 330 million motherfuckers into White & Black Guelphs or Left and Right Hegelians.

But in order to understand my position, you must understand WTC7.

I first searched for WTC7 around 2004 or 2005. I had just begun a period of University studies at the University of California at Berkeley. Before it was over, I would be a drastically changed individual.

It will take many words in English to convince an uninitiated reader as to why this was, but if you want the short version, it was because I was convinced that a philosopher of evil had alerted the secret government that I was a thought criminal and I was convinced that some mercenary, machine or human, had assassinated my father in order to punish me. Some of the last words my father said to me were, "They will either get you, or get someone in your family, maybe me, in order to get at you." The next time I saw him he was in a coma.

To those who are initiated, the circumstances surrounding my father's demise may surely have been coincidental, but they came during a period of study where I was unsure of the true likely capabilities of the covert ruling class.

Uninitiated individuals would be better of not discussing your ignorance in my presence. It's a touchy subject. I have not been the same since.

He died on April 15th, 2007. Ironic, since he was an accountant and it was tax day. Or planned by actuaries as a final "Fuck you" from merciless killers in charge of the USA apparatus.

Telling my story has always been tough, because too many are unqualified to receive it in a reasonable manner.

That is, not many are qualified to be in my audience.

You wouldn't speak Swahili to a Mexican prostitute unless that prostitute spoke Swahili and you were in the mood. In addition, you'd also have to know Swahili. So why the fuck would I try to explain myself to a bunch of fuck ups who ignored virtue in their times?

It's not my highest priority, but if it occurs during the course of typing a more comprehensive and humorous examination of my life then so be it. The scope of relatively likely occurrences is a noun followed by description of the noun in this instance, I believe. But please, correct me if I am wrong here. Use a pen on the margins. What I mean though is that I can't count on the probabilities that any audience I have will likely react in predictable ways to my didactic sentences.

I often use the words didactic and pedantic to describe the style of communication that I often utilize. Is it by rote or

by true relation to imperative? Most definitely by rote, if this dichotomy is even somewhat actual.

To admonish... for how long have I yearned to totally admonish? Absolutely and without effective opposition?

Boy, that was a chapter worth its weight in nano-thermite.

But wait, there's more!

Girl, this chapter has not concluded.

If one such as yourself were to know the full ramifications of the googling of WTC7 circa 2004, I could express unto thee. Wow, I think they killed my dad.

And if you were emphatic and had actually experienced the world as I had, you might say to me, "I am sorry. I am sorry that your countrymen and women failed you. It must have been a devastating experience. How did you live through it?"

But of course the New York Times deride "Bleeding Edge" by Thomas Pynchon. The Sulzbergers have never been inimical to Rockefeller interests.

My life has been a Pynchon novel. Only scientists will understand.

CHAPTER FIVE

So happy to be back to the typing. I was at an AA meeting today and there was no coffee. A Cardinal sin!

Pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth. Must've been sloth.

I'm redacting my original desire to use two spaces after periods. I feel it's just too much space. I'm also aware of several typos and unclear sentences in the preceding chapters. Yet I fear if I start editing, I may excise all idiosyncratic grammatical choices... and once I do that, I might as well cut off my balls. Two spaces. One space.

I thought of a lot of stories I wanted to share. The first one involves this huge cooch that wound up being thrust repeatedly into my face. This happened last week. The owner of the cooch was a fairly huge girl with blonde hair and zombie make-up. I was riding on the free trolley in the jolly gay WeHo district where I currently reside.

superbia, avaritia, luxuria, invidia, gula, ira, acedia

Damn, I thought I was superb, brah. But I was just in Venice...

I had been in Hollywood proper, which I've lately started to call HoHo to distinguish it from WeHo. And from henceforth I'll just call it WEHO and HOHO cuz like the vernacular duh. I was up on Hollywood edging west to La Brea, which is basically the end of the show when you're up there on the walk of fame. Once you hit La Brea, you rapidly enter infamy again. I was crossing the street, and there were Elvis, Zach Galifianakis and Charlie Chaplin sitting together at a Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf. I had talked to Zach the year before. He had a fake baby tied to his chest like in the movie "Hangover." But yeah, Elvis, Zach and Charlie. I was in wonderment about the impersonator scene and wondering how much I'd have to make in order to convince me to stay in costume. Then suddenly Frankenfurter jumped up and asked me if I was ticklish. I laughed in a shrill ridiculous way and said "Yes!" and he asked me if I wanted to be tickled. I said "no!" and ran away. Thereupon, I had a calmer moment to view the three impersonators at ease. Elvis took off his glasses and spoke to Zach. Zach

I knew was a decent person, he had discussed the ins and outs of the gig. He did bear an incredible resemblance to the real Zach, so much so that I wondered if it really was the true Zach in a perpetual mundane meta meta act. That would be so meta. Then Charlie Chaplin turned towards me and gave me this look of mild amusement or something, maybe cuz he saw Frankenfurter chase me, or maybe because he was amused that I was staring at the trio, or maybe because he farted.

Eventually I wound my way down La Brea, past Crazy Girls, to the free trolley. When I was on the trolley, suddenly about a dozen young men and women got on in full costumes. It is October. The huge blonde girl in front of me was dressed like a zombie, and her seat mate was a cute girl who was dressed as a ho or something. Soon, bump and grind music was playing, and this fat girl was essentially pole dancing by hanging off the overhead rails and shaking her huge pelvis. It was impossible not to watch, unless I closed my eyes, and that was not going to happen. As she shook her pelvis, I began to see her huge undies and wonder about how huge her vagina was. She saw me grinning and began to shake her ass in front of my face, and then she began ramming her butt into my face. The back of my head was slamming into the side of the trolley and I was getting a chubbie. Not knowing what to do, I slapped her ass a couple times and yelled "WHOOOO!!" and then briefly rubbed her panty line in order to flirt in a caring way? I didn't know what was going on.

There was some other stuff I was going to cram in this chapter, but I failed.

Stay tuned for chapter six.

CHAPTER SIX

Here I am trying to start a band again, knowing that on the mid-level only rich kids seem to maintain a career. Of four bands that I've watched maintain a "career" three have been rich kids, and the fourth was said to have been a rich kid by a reliable source. In fact, the only time I was really cooking with a band was when I was a rich kid. But back in the day, I was a broke kid living in my van and we pulled off a pretty good band or two. Nowadays, my "friends" are all grown up with jobs, wives and kids. What kind of friends do that to a fool?

I want to tell a million more stories, but I'm here in WEHO next to 90210, thinking about a new band.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I can't wait to see this chapter printed and hopefully the start of each chapter will have a large pictograph of the first letter. If there is a large "I" there and the text wraps around it, I have been successful in my manifestation. If not, this is just a draft output. In which case, save this in a dry location and sell it on ebay circa 2037. It'll be worth some serious bitcoin by then.

I also stopped toying with the fucked up program known as Microsoft Word. Motherfucker, to even find "select all" on this version was an undertaking I was unwilling to

take under. Now I'm typing on google docs, adjusting margins in real time, selecting all like a pimp, etc. Good job google, you win again. Circa 2015.

In other news, besides my paragraphs being inversely indented, shit is ok. I have a crush on this girl right now and I added her on Facebook and we had a chat. I am having one or two convos with Rock and Rollers from the old Craigslist. The future is looking semi-bright. A cool young woman wants to take a production lesson from me. She might change her mind once she realizes I produce from libraries, but, if so, at least I will have conveyed a good lesson about costs. Dang, if you needed a lesson too, here it is: CUT COSTS AND PRODUCE. PRODUCE!

MOTHERFUCKING CAPS-LOCK IS FREE FOOL, AND IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET PPLS ATTENTION! Yet, alas, after all, many sophisticated NON-PRODUCERS will deride you for such a tactic. I have been called an "idiot foamer" for using all-caps on a chatboard. I believe the critic was British or of an Anglican-English region (does that mean New Zealand and Australia?) for I have never heard the term "foamer" before, but I loved it. A quick search of "foamer def" led to the robust Urban Dictionary definition:

[foamer](#)

Originally used to describe railbuffs, it now describes anyone who gets excited about something so much that they start foaming at the mouth.

Those geeks that play magic the gathering are foamers. They get so excited over one card that they start foaming at the mouth.

by [Brent Higgins](#) February 26, 2006

Why no autmatic spellcheck? oh well. Point made again, I misspelled “automatic.” Dude, the future is dumb. Well, this book is actually a book about a book - which is typical of me. I made a reality show about a reality show in 2014 and that was sufficiently meta. It was so meta, it is still expanding in a metaphysical way, somewhere. Somehow. I just don’t know how... it’s probably in the ether somewhere beyond ultra-violet. Or maybe beyond space-time, but that would be too obvi. Obviously.

By now, you can probably tell that I am fond of the vernacular. And no, that does not mean I am fond of the blue vein on your weiner. I just don’t know if i can continue committing to this archaic paper format when the modern cyber “right-click search” option would be so handy to decode my slang for the droogs who don’t vallee my BS. Like when Anthony Burgess printed “A Clockwork Orange,” he included a glossary in the back to help decode the announcements of his characters. It was a device of the format. But in the movie, no such primer was provided. For the modern internet typist, the potential of “right-click search” gives the reader the opportunity to fact-check your prose or look up BS period. (period, PERIOD) *But what if the vernacular changes?*

Boomtime. Check!

^Not my vernac, but contemporaneous.

But seriously folks. It's about time to come down off of this META grammatical cloud and get a little more serious, legit, real. I mentioned what happened to my father, and this is about the crux of "my story." The humor and the fixation with language is a sort of counter-balance to what is really a raw and empirical delineation between fact and fiction. The story of my life is a quest for what is right and what is wrong and what shall I do about it. As I indicated in chapter four, I have mucho contempt for uninformed moral codes. Idealism, and ignorant pronouncements of dogma rarely interest me unless these systems also account for all observable realities. Not much pseudo-science whets my appetite, yet I renounce the term "skeptic," if only because it seems to have been hijacked by clans of internet debunkers who are often far from skeptical. Empirical research is fascinating, yet all philosophers and cognitive scientists must (or may) agree that "we" are unable to "know" "all."

Please insert your own thoughts about that^ topic into the cyber-zeitgeist and let us commence to peer-review one another...

But as a typer, I am alone in this moment of consciousness production, and unaware of the actual communication that may or may not take place in the future. Alone, but entirely directed by countless authors, announcers, speakers, teachers, luminaries... the zeitgeist is not of me, but comes through me, oriented by certain choices I

may have chosen (if choice is possible) but contained by certain limits of my culture and my form. Certain tendencies of morality and ethical behavior may have been favored by yours truly, yet my favorite attributes may have been favored only in relation to other material forces far beyond my control. Why you will vote for Bernie Sanders and I will vote for Donald Trump may be unknown to you or to me. I may only announce through the use of word the apparent circumstances as they appear to me within my mind. Likely though, I will not vote.

My friend just told me a story about how George Lucas changed the ending of “Return of the Jedi” in hopes of selling more Star Wars merchandise. To you, my fair reader, I will swear that I will never change my ending to sell more toys. I might though if only there were action figures for this old saga. This saga...

You see, what if they did kill my father in order to get at me? Would you be equipped to believe me? How would I know whether or not you would receive this message?

Well there are two audiences I consider roughly: the truthers and the sheep (aka the deniers). Altho circa 2015 and precipitously into the future, these labels are likely to dissipate, and really only have relevancy within a small subset of scientists surrounding the topics of covert action perpetrated by the ruling class or “shadow government” of the USA post-2001. (motherfucking google is spellchecking the word relevancy: you never

heard of that one you fucking bitch? Fuck your algorithm.)

To the truthers: well it was plain as day: My professor at UC Berkeley, Gary Wren, stated that he had “been trained by Straussians” at the University of Chicago. When I announced that I was writing about 9/11 truth for my senior thesis, I feel he warned me not to write on this topic. I maintained my position, and a week or two later my dad dropped to the floor unconscious. In my heart, and rationally, I was sure “they” had poisoned him on purpose. But I am not sure they did, and as the years have passed, I have become more comfortable with the idea that perhaps it all was a coincidence. After all, I had been studying 9/11 for two or five years by then, and there are many more prominent truthers who did not seem to experience assassination against their family. But the possibility that Straussians were alerted to my activity was and is a hauntingly real potential. After all, the Straussians were in charge of the Office of Special Plans, and uncovering them or certain facts about September 11th would certainly be cause for assassination in particular instances. But whether or not it happened to me is unknown to me at this time. It has been hard to receive peer-review on the question because of the rarity of my observations, as well as the bias that I have in receiving examination of the topic. I have PTSD, plainly. I hope to further explore all of the circumstances regarding my experience, but it is a long story.

To the deniers: sorry son, but you are unqualified to declare. If you are female, feel free to study 9/11 for ten years before you form a judgement, or else: don't talk to me about it. If you know me, don't talk about it. I am trying to publish in a way that will prevent me from overreacting to the behavior of others, yet I'd just ask you to politely not tread upon such sensitive terrain.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The crux of this bitch is dire, but the rest of the tome is light. In fact, as I may often apologize, let me say here (type here) that I use the word "bitch" most frequently to describe a situation, object or person that is "most complex." Something that is "most complex, often without utility in it's original state. Perhaps with redeeming qualities, yet unlikely to be of use without major amounts of attention, patience and focus. Largely not worth it for the diminishing returns that may be extracted." It's not about a female or a female dog. That is too crude. Yet if i begin pandering to the mores and etiquette of the majority in my time, all may be lost.

I know I typed something similar in a recent chapter, stating I may as well cut off my balls or some such. Many metaphors or analogies will be based in gender, and due to being an “American” “White” “Male” I will often pronounce certain phrases that might not be pronounced by others with different identifying characteristics. That seems to happen. It is not lamentable so much as just another occurrence. There is no such thing as free speech. And as long as I may be identified or perhaps found in the “real world,” I will be on guard against the lunatic feminist man killers, the homicidal “African-American” so-called intellectuals, the Aztecs, and other “types” who have expressed the willingness to kill over offensive utterances, especially from being with my readily identifiable characteristics. Kill whitey is still a permissible utterance in 2015, long after kill a nigger or kill a bitch has been taboo. Until next time, remember: you are ill-equipped to handle the truth and I AM NOT WHO YOU THINK I AM. STAY AWAY FROM ME.

CHAPTER NINE

Shit is good lately. Those first eight chapters were really killing me. I have a lot of rage surrounding the loss of my father. But everyone will lose their father. But most will lose their father to natural conditions that will not be confused with possible covert actions. The struggle for me is to maintain a morality. I sing karaoke in my spare time, in cyberspace. I am listening to “Moon River” right now, sounding decidedly poignant and gorgeously wistful. I’m back to using two spaces after periods. I just found a book by A. A. Milne, published in 1922, or 1920 something, and I found that there appeared to be two spaces after periods.

Halloween was a couple nights ago, I hung out with this famous devil named Louis. Louis and Sooki and Nicole. Louis was assaulted by this weird tall guy who looked like he was spun out. That was the only drama in WBC, WEHO 2015. There were like 600,000 people there it was rumored. I found it hard to eat, surprisingly. Then on Sunday, yesterday, I went through the alleys of 90210 and came up with a shitload of good clean clothes. That’s why I am happy. I am already happy to

be free, I only hate it when uptight bitches react to my body odor... so I feel better when I can put on a clean shirt everyday. Then less bitches will crinkle their noses at me and move away.

I'm always sitting in the recovery meetings, just chilling and grieving with all the people. It's increasingly like that scene in "Fight Club" where Edward Norton is chilling with all the support group people while not having the illnesses they have. Life in Hollywood and LA does start to take on a surreal vibe though, when movies and life start to mix. Like I know Meatloaf's daughter, so I don't want to say some weird thing about Meatloaf's manboobs and his career. I don't even want to call her Meatloaf's daughter, but I did. Then my pal. I think he might have been influenced by that scene too, I know he is a big fan of David Fincher. I was just reading how Fincher was going to direct the latest "serious" Steve Jobs movie, but then it was changed, maybe because he is so meticulous with his takes. It was going to be a Sony picture, but then it wound up as a Universal picture, somewhere after the nebulous Sony Hack of early 2015? Somehow, I feel that by studying that hack, I would eventually understand all I needed to know about the current state of the motion picture industry. I have suspected for a while now that the "hack" was actually just a huge PR stunt tied into the release of "The Interview" with Jew James Franco and Jew Seth Rogen, but for now it's just a hunch... a hunch about the Semitic Bunch.

I refuse to retract my blunt assessment of Hollywood: it's Jewish as fuck and it is often covertly Jewish. Like I thought James Franco was Italian, but no: Jew. I reference Joel Stein and Neal Gabler. Again, it is too troubling to even be blunt to so many people about reality, so fuck off, don't contact me. I am very fond of motion pictures. The rise of digital video and the state of the internet is fundamentally changing the motion picture industry. But people are still cunts and crooks.

More on that forever and ever. I'll muse about Arnon Milchan, Ari Emanuel and the fucking Israeli "art students" photographed in front of fuses inside the Twin Towers... and why the fuck Ehud Baruk was chilling at the BBC on the morning of 9/11. Who the fuck can shut down the PCH? You're all Bibi's bitches, ya dumb fucks. Yet no fucking Jew in WEHO can tell me where to find a real fucking bagel. Go figure.

CHAPTER TEN

Damn, the Jewish thing is just so pervasive. You have a population that is 1-2% of the American people. This group dominates Hollywood. You have Israel receiving \$3 Billion in annual aid from the JEW.S.A. Looking at wikipedia, Afghanistan got \$4.5 Billion (2013) and Egypt got \$1.5 Billion. The Holocaust appears to be vastly overstated if not entirely fabricated. For announcing this, you can be jailed in Europe. And then there is 9/11. One of the most obvious circumstances was that Larry Silverstein took over the leases of the World Trade Center shortly before September 11th, 2001. And his notorious quote about having “pulled” the building may be one of the most bizarre confessions of complicity on record. Perhaps not.

The conversation about Jewish interests is completely malformed, which is my point. Did you know that Gwyneth Paltrow was Jewish? Did you know that Jack Black was Jewish? Did you know that bitch from Orange Is the New Black is Jewish? Oh wait, there's

three Jewish bitches at least. Basically if the chick isn't black, she's Jewish. Why are there so many Jews in show business, and why is this not discussed? It is actually a sickening state of affairs, and is indicative of what slaves we all are.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I hate that conversation, but it has to happen. As I typed earlier, you will not understand my story unless you understand WTC7. And if you understand WTC7, you will of course understand my bewilderment at the ethnic gang that appears to be running the show. And my befuckingfuddlement as to why no goyim will discuss this shit. Surrounded by a bunch of ostriches with their heads in the sand... you know the feeling. And to complicate the sentiment, some of the nastiest people in my life have been Jewish. Like the guy that framed me. Like the mother of the girlfriend who shamed me. Like... the motherfucker who laughed at me about 9/11 and said “they should bomb them all, they’re all terrorists.” No vaseline. Jerry Heller is suing you for defamation. And who am I gonna chit chat about this resentment with? All the Jews in WEHO recovery rooms? A nice Jewish therapist? YOU?!?! You work for Jews. Ashkenazi Holocaust Industry purveyors: Why was Ehud Barak chilling in BBC headquarters on September 11th, 2001? Answer that before you speak ill of me motherfucker, I might be a Rosenthal. Or how

about the esteemable shabbas goy L. Paul Bremer speaking through NBC on the day as well? Oh well, he was Kissinger's bitch. Fuck a Jew who framed me and had the foresight to rab from my cash drawer on three separate occasions... not just to get money, but to get me fired at the same time. On his way back to Jew York City. Are you steeped in the Talmud, or just wicked by habit? Fill in the blank:

CHAPTER TWELVE

How was Daniel Lewin on the plane? And of Sayeret Matkal?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I often have to remind myself that I don't hate Jews, I only hate unrepentant murderers and thieves. There is an element of jealousy here. I feel jealous that this one ethnic group seems to have control over the minds of so many, and that they get to elect their banal nephews and daughters into celebrity. I feel gypped, like, for all my talent, if only someone had said, "kid, you're not Jewish. You don't have a chance." But worse is being surrounded by dumbass goyim who can't even see clearly. To the point where I veritable long to be Jewish. Fuck the cannon fodder, I am done trying to save slaves!

Can I get to a new place? I need to Holocaust all the bullshit. But all metaphors are insufficient. If only I could burn the bullshit you emit in a crematorium

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It must be something in the air... my resentments are prescient... no, I'm just east of Fairfax near Melrose... Oh yeah, I just recalled the third most devious Jew. Up above, I listed the Jew Who Robbed Me, the Jew Bitch Who Snubbed Me and I couldn't recall the third most devious Jew I knew. But, this one is only a suspicion... a fair suspicion. Funny story about a "garment wholesaler" who tipped so well on the same day the security camera showed a gentleman with his build sticking his hand inside the tip jar. The geniuses who ran the joint had positioned some plastic sign in front of the register that blocked the security camera, so the video apparition was headless... Ney, his head was not seen... Ney, headless for all intents and purposes. Ney, his head was blocked.

They asked me for my opinion as to whom this thief was, and I said, "it looks like (name), the garment guy." They said, "nah, it can't be (name)."

They revealed that they actually sit and watch the security tape. Perhaps spurned by a low tip yield, or perhaps as

a matter of daily rote. I always think of that song “Watching The Detectives” by Elvis Costello. Did you ever try to play that song? What color do you think the skin of the bass player was?

and now for an unattributed pull quote apropos punctuation:

One is currently the more standard method in the U.S, in which the punctuation is always placed before a following quotation mark, even when logically following. The logic is that this supposedly just looks better.

The second way is known as “logical punctuation” in which the punctuation is placed following the quotation mark when it logically follows. This is generally used in linguistic articles and sometimes in other scientific articles or by authors who just prefer this method. It is also often used in general writing in English outside of the U.S.

Standard U.S. punctuation: He named, “John,” “David,” and “Mark.”

Logical punctuation: He named, “John”, “David”, and “Mark”.

Note that in the U.S. and Canada double quotation marks are most normal. Outside of the U.S. and Canada, single quotation marks are most normal.

Even with logical punctuation, when there could logically be a punctuation mark both before and after the quotation mark, normally only the internal punctuation is used.

This applies only to commas and periods. Other punctuation is often placed by logic in both systems.

assfuck, how the fuck do i GET OUT OF PULL QUOTE
MODE

SOLVED

sO, I say to myself: formatting, aside, I get your resentment man. and at the GOY who pretend this isn't real. and/or the cannon fodder to dumb to get it. Jules et Jim. Kroll, that is...

Nope, it's Jules et Jeremy. Kroll. Just a google search of "kroll security jews" DON'T USE YAHOO

YEAH FORMATTING IS A BITCH, SO ARE CUSTOMS ABOUT PUNCTUATION THAT ARE ILLOGICAL. FACT IS, I WALK INTO "MY" MEETIN AND THIS CRANKY BITCH IS SITTING THERE AT THE MIC AND I THINK "OH GREAT, ANOTHER NASTY JEWISH WOMAN FROM BROOKLYN". SURE ENOUGH, SURE ENOUGH, KNOW WHAT IMSAYIN KNOW WHAT IMSAYIN.

But parents just don't understand and neither do you? DO
YOU GET IT YET PUNK?

DO YOU GET IT
YET PUNK?

bITCH, I GUARANTEE you have not even googled WTC7 yet.
I guarantee it like George Zimmerman killed Tyrone,
cunt. But wait there's more:

.....FUCK YOU.

Last week it was the Jew Who Robbed You, this week it was
Temple wine stealing nasty bitch with her tits cut off.
And I'm looking at the secretary, wondering why he's
smiling like a doctor on television, and I just go "oh. it's
just show business."

proably. it's proably just show business... I will let you know
when I give a fuck.

I decided that I am a Jew.

Now I'm fucking kosher.

But only two days ago I ate raw bacon.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

if it wasn't EVERY FUCKING DAY

I'd be a little less forgiving of myself. But now that I'm Jewish, I don't have to give a fuck about forgiveness. Cuz the bitch was reminding me of Megan's mom. Fourth step this for me: I'm in love with a young Jewish girl circa 2000. Her mom and dad smile when they meet me. There I am stealing money at the box office, she's making popcorn. One night she brings me home and calls upstairs to her mom, "I was out with Casey." Her mom calls down, "I thought we told you not to hang out with that creep anymore!"

And that was it. That was the beginning of my resentment towards Jewish people... smiling to my face, HATING me behind my back... taking my lover from me. Megan was a dream. Now she's a fat lesbian on Paxil with an addiction to Reiki. Her dad investigated worker's comp fraud. Funny. Imagine his mindset. Imagine how much he makes smiling and accusing simultaneously.

FUCK YOU.

Shortly thereafter I was framed by Anthony Berryman.

I could steal without a trace. So when my drawer started showing up with odd deficiencies, such as \$43 short, \$36 short, whatever, it was obviously not me. I would never snatch and grab my own drawer so crudely. Tickets were about \$7 back then, so a typical shortage might have been \$14. Or \$28. Odd variations that were not multiples of the ticket price were just butchery. I was eventually able to convince my manager that it was not me BECAUSE I knew how to steal precisely by reselling tickets. Why would I butcher my own drawer.

Meanwhile Anthony was getting ready to move back to New York. I already knew he was a sinister junkie felon. I just didn't quite understand that he would be willing to frame me in particular. After I had also leveled accusations at my three supervisors, it eventually became clear. In fact, I do recall him being in the box office while I was using the restroom. But I will never prove this to a skeptical reader. You might even side with him as a matter of course. I am merely explaining my rage, and a long pattern of observing sinister, thieving, duplicitous Jews.

Simultaneously we were screening "The Pianist" starring Adrien Brody. I witnessed Anthony dressed to the gills after the premiere say obsequiously to his girlfriend's father, "It makes me wish we could firebomb Dresden all

over again.” Anthony, if you are reading this: I was thinking about killing you. Life is not over yet. Until then, I will know that people like Anthony can always get away with shit that you cannot see. I am tired of explaining my resentments and awareness to the typical ones.

YOU WORK FOR JEWS, BOY!

bIALY CASTS. eMANUEL CASTS AND EXECUTES.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

I walked around after typing that shit for a while, feeling pissed. Everyday I've typed lately I become enraged over these old resentments. I will apply the considerations of the fabled Fourth Step to the people I've listed - actually to the WHY of the situations... what was my part? Besides being a dumbass? Hence the first sentence of this novella: "Back when I was a dumbass..." Fact check: "When I was a dumbass, that was a very long time ago..."

Then, I walked into the library and saw a book called "Cosmic Coincidences" by the editors of Time-Life. Pretty sure I grew up reading this series. But anyway, there is a page on eclipses. It says Anaxagorus discovered why eclipses occur. But who will explain the precision of perihelion? It also said Pindar wondered in eclipses portended problems for men. I decided to fact-check that, but then I found a biblical reference to eclipses. A website said:

"On that day, says the Lord God,
I will make the sun go down at noon

and darken the earth in broad daylight."

Said to refer to the solar eclipse of 15 June 763 BC.

From: *Amos*, Chapter 8, verse 9 (Old Testament)

Quoted in *Encyclopaedia Britannica* CD 98.

And with that, I was Jewish.

I'll start out as a reconstructionist, edging towards reform, by next Passover I'll be orthodox.

Last Passover, apropos of nothing, I just happened to be walking down Pico in the Jewish ghetto of LA. I was interested in having some kosher food when I suddenly became aware that it was Passover. I thought it was almost destined that I was there precisely then.

Do you know that G-d did not put me there specifically at that time? If so, how so?

I had no idea "glitch" was a Yiddish word.

So now I'm Jewish, and all these resentments can be written off. Just because they aren't *mentsh* don't mean shit. A *chazer bleibt a chazer*. And now to muse: which G-d did organize the moon and sun to coincide congruently during perihelion?

And which morality is favored by this One?

Where is this inscribed?

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

My sponsor told me to stop writing this book. I am calling him my sponsor because he buys me sandwiches and beverages. I don't beg for the food, but I don't deny it either. "Have you heard *My Story*? Let me tell you all about *My Story*. It goes a long way in a pinch and really does the trick! *My Story*, available where finer stories are sold!" I told him how I am trying to get over the practice of using "My Story" as a huge rationale for why I can be a jerk. All these resentments and the legend of how they may have killed my dad just becomes this huge onus, but also a convenient excuse for not doing new and more things in my life.

I am listening to Ratatat. Funny story about Ratatat. I played a show with that duo back in 2004 at Cafe Du Nord in San Francisco. It was the sad height of my career as an indie rocker. What the fuck is an indie, and why did I actually use that term? But in the green room there, I met the guy's parents and gleaned that he was upper-middle class and from Marin. It was a moment of

seeing behind the curtain. Everytime I saw behind the curtain, I saw more and more privilege, always shrouded in mystique or “cool”. Looking at said dude chilling so suavely in the stairwell, in the company of some impossibly cute asian girl, I was kind of feeling pissed, but trying to calculate some way to get more of what he got. Now I’m listening to these complex arpeggios and loops and thinking, “this kid is a fanatic for psychedelica, just like we were. He is devoted to loops. He is so 80s”. He is no kid no more. I was just wikipediaing his ass and all it says is they’re from “Brooklyn”. What a joke, like all these magically cool bands just arrive fully formed “in Brooklyn”. I’m looking at the pictures of those two, admiring their sexy good looks and healthy smiles and just thinking “rich kids”.

They were always rich kids. Who else could pay the PR and the journalists to tell you how cool they were?

But it is good music to type to, and I like it. Thanks MS and EM. I remember Sadie and Rhianna at that show.

Sadie was Tessa, she’s dead. I don’t know where Rhianna is. Her sister died of an overdose. Tessa was said to have jumped off a building twice before she died.

Which is weird because this woman I was banging shortly after I was banging Tessa had a roommate who had also jumped off a building and survived, and I later became convinced that it was her, but I couldn’t tell at the time because she was all bandaged up and flattened. Why would the other woman display her to me like that? Because she was a satanic Jew stewardess for mercenaries, likely Blackwater in my opinion. Her name was Jolie. I still know her on Facebook. She was with me when my dad was dying,

and I thought she was a part of cointelpro. I thought many of my “friends” were in cointelpro.

Yes, my sponsor is the sane man. The sane man in Los Angeles. He was also a bank robber who did some time. The other day I discussed the complexities of my resentment against Anthony, and while I’d admitted to being a thief as well, the heart of it seemed to be that I was mad that he had put one over on me. He had set me up, I had merely stolen from this abstract, bankrupt corporate entity. Big difference in my opinion. When he told me he had been involved in a complex racket that amounted to being a bank robber, I began to wonder if he would be qualified to understand the complexities of my story. But about a year ago I heard him discuss someone who had died and he said “I just have to believe that he’s in heaven”. And I was pissed all day thinking, “funny, because I don’t have to believe in heaven, I just have to listen to people say bullshit like that all the time”. Ultimately, I fear that confessing to people who believe in false realities and then offer sage wisdom will only depress me. But I like the guy. I don’t want to feel cornered by the sandwiches though, I don’t want to feel obligated. These ideas about making amends to bankrupt corporations under a nation-state that is \$18 trillion in debt seem to quaint and irrational. Land parcels are hyperinflated with fictitious money doled out by east coast oligarchs and Jews. I slept under a cardboard box last night in the state my great great great grandfather fought the Mexicans for. I’m not saying I necessarily feel entitled to more, only that the common admonitions against theft do not take into

account the slavery we are born into. If there had been land that I could have grown food on or raised animals on, there would have been freedom. As is, I was surrounded by comprehensive economies that literally pour cement over the earth. I am willing to make amends, but with whose money?

I had a happy childhood though. And I am happy to be alive. I'm sober today, and I feel lucky to be alive in California.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I am sharing my beliefs about 9/11 with this beautiful woman I met online while singing karaoke. I recently found out she was married to a man who is a marine. I suppose I should capitalize the word “Marine”. Ooh-rah. I believe I used the term should to express obligation or duty, and that would be because I typically value my life and therefore would capitalize the word so as to not offend any literate jarheads. Altho, customarily I hate the word “should” when used to express obligation and duty, for I don’t really believe in obligation and duty, although I used to. Now I use the word “should” to express probability or expectation, as in “it should warm up around 10 am”.

I am saving a song I came up with on Soundtrap. It goes to 27% and then freezes, like a fake status bar. It may take an hour to save the song. A pain in the ass, and a bogus aspect of an otherwise cool-ass program. Nevermind, it’s done. But believe me, their status bar is a phony.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

<http://academyofoaksterdamrepublic.wordpress.com>

OBJECTIVE ANNOUNCEMENTS REGARDING LOW-COST PUBLISHING BREAKTHROUGHS AND OTHER POST-MODERN CAPABILITIES FOR INTERNET PUBLISHERS

Fuck books. I had to include that url to validate that google news in a censoring operation. They put certain restrictions upon web publishers. I don't give a fuck!

I am back to typing here with relish. My sponsor suggested I stop typing after I said I was becoming enraged. Then the next week he says, "So how's the book coming"? I've become skeptical of whether or not i give a fuck about where the punctuation point and the apostrophe should be situated. Or why "i" should be capitalized. I mean why not You? Let's all become a little less self-centered by capitalizing You from now on. After all, if it wasn't for You, it would just be me. Unless this is me who is reading this. Which it will be until I publish on paper and put it out there.

In my world, in my little slice of time-space, it is nearly Thanksgiving, 2015. It about 2 or 3 days, I'll be celebrating my two year sobriety anniversary. That is kind of a big deal out here in sobriety land. They'll light up a fake cake at my sobriety meeting and maybe sing Happy Birthday while forgetting my name when they're supposed to sing my name - what the fuck is my name? Two years ago my name was John Doe. And my nickname was CASH. I was John Doe because i refused to identify when I was jailed. I was brought in in an orange dress with a piece of yellow police tape for a belt. There was a nail stuck in my shoe. I used it to carve CASH in big letters in the initial isolation cell. CASH with a backwards dollar sign substituting for the S.

Right now, i am typing in WEHO and now I think of last night, where I was staring at this banner inside the Log Cabin that was made from gold and purple velvet that said "WEST HOLLYWOOD". I thought, "I can't believe I live in fucking HOLLYWOOD... even if it is WEST HOLLYWOOD". cuz there was a time when I never would have lived in Hollywood or ever felt brave enough to call West Hollywood my home. Now i just don't give a fuck. "WEHO" is basically code for "GAY", but I am still stubbornly straight, mostly. I don't actually believe in orientation, but I am mostly horny for females. When I see girls or women, I get horny. Is that a choice? Possibly. I think i trained myself to be hetero around the age of 12. Before then I had neutral boners. For the first year or so of non-jizzing orgasms, I had no

fantasies of girls. Only this weird, crushing mental orgasm when I used the back massager on my boner.

“Fascinating men have crafted
Odd mobiles or drafted
orthodox tomfoolery,
alcohol or jewelry,

guns oil and drugs
or even sewery
guns oil and drugs
or even what I see
guns oil and drugs
flowers in the valley”

thus starts my new album, CRIMINAL STARGAZER.

The words were sung through a payphone and recorded by my associate. I was in Los Angeles County Jail in the psych ward. Twin Towers, where we wore yellow smocks and blue pants. “In yellow and blues” meant

you were nucking futz and/or just chilling. Apparently the common inmates, who wear blue tops and blue pants, have to do 1000 situps and 1000 pushups everyday, as ordered by the racist gangs. This is a rumor I have not confirmed first hand. In the psych ward, you just chill and watch football and play cards or chess, reading the bible and doing the deal: three colds and a hold AKA three hots and a cot. I was there for four months.

I got sober there in the autumn of 2013. A Marine named JD knocked me down with one punch. He was a Power greater than me. He was rumored to be charged with quadruple homicide. After I stopped being such a brat, he didn't mess with me. I just capitalized the "I" in that last sentence to maintain the semblance of hetero pride. But truly i was a small i after he knocked me down, and I'm strangely gay for his fist. Without that lightning punch, I might not be sober today. It was that and the letter from my mother that urged me to try sobriety again. And another inmate charged with murder, Zach, who caused me to realize I might commit murder in some drug induced blackout, which was about what happened to him. He said, "it's really common for guys to commit their crimes while coming down off meth". I had actually smoked meth the day I committed my crime, but i don't know if it was the cause or just the companion to my crime.

Last week, the coordinated "terrorist" attacks happened in Paris. It was November 2015. Most truthers suspect another set-up. The Syrians are blamed, but I suspect it

from my song "Some Have The Eyes" recorded in Silverlake in front of that beat up piano that hung out there in 2014-2015. I'm sitting on the bench playing a guitar given to me by a girl named Sarah, recording the song on my cheap LG smartphone. The video is dark and you might be able to make out my hooded head, but little else. I listen to the tune and lyrics now while recalling what the couplet signifies: it is so hard to explain that corrupt cops can plant passports to frame muslims for wealthy Israelis.

They said they found a passport on a muslim terrorist in Paris at the Eagle of Death Metal concert. It's like 911 all over again - damn the long forward slash! 9/11 is 911!!! a state of emergency, but you never noticed! and I'm crazy. No, I'm fucking sane, fool. I have the vaunted soundness of mind and the vaunted rigorous honesty... you are just sadly misinformed and have not seen the war.

Unless you have.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

I'm just about ready to be done with this book. I was gonna say "done with this motherfucker", but I'm feeling less interested in the profane. The motherfucker is your father, Freud. My friend is from Jersey, New Jersey. I get a kick out of her accent. I feel like I finally told the story about my dad. It wasn't so much that I'd never told it before, but now I will print it out in this book and it will be a materialistic object that can be read by humans. Rebekah Roth and Chuck Maultsby will tell you that Zionists were behind 9/11. Tell them I think the Straussian Gary Wren may have tripped a line, or that the phony George Lakoff might've called in a hit on my family. My dad's name was Eric Wheeler Wright, he was born on June 30th, 1949. He died on April 15th, 2007 but collapsed six months earlier on or around October 11th, 2006. They operated on him on Friday the thirteenth. He died on Tax Day and he was an accountant. I blame actuaries and the shadow government. But maybe he just collapsed by coincidence. I told my story to a random guy I met at an AA meeting last week. He said, "you never know, maybe they did kill him". I felt better. He knew some rescue workers that worked at ground zero. He said

they said they were “blown back” by explosions that day and that one of them said there are things they can’t say or else they’ll be killed. I kind of believed him.

I’m just less concerned with “my story” lately. I really don’t want to keep stewing on it all. I could talk about it a little more. There was a video of this female pilot who was supposedly ready to knock the tail off of Flight 93. The Huffington Post said she wouldn’t have known whether she’d be killing her father, who was a commercial pilot in flight that day... it was a classic utilitarian dilemma. When I heard that, I broke down and cried... for it was so similar to the decision I made. For the greater good I was willing to risk my family. And that is why I hate the trivial.

I’m ready to have fun. My life is awesome. I’m having a blast. It’s November 2015. It’s nearly Thanksgiving.

CHAPTER TWENTY

I can’t think of anything else to say. Study Rebekah Roth, Chuck Maultsby, Kevin Ryan, David Ray Griffin and the

late Michael Ruppert. Watch Alex Jones's
INFOWARS.com. Otherwise, have fun. Typing is too
slow. search "AOOR WOUUP SOMSOC". I'll be there.

I love Jews!

PART TWO

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

I might even call this PART TWO but that might be audacious.

It has been a month or so. I have largely forgotten about all that rage about my dad and stuff that might have happened. Lately I am happy and free. A little cold, but doing hecka great. It is December sixteenth, 2015. I wished my Jewish friends a Happy Hanukkah and now I'm ready to face Christmas. I recently went walking through the Hollywood Hills to look at a lot that is listed at \$15,000. I met a woman who lived near the lot and she broke down all the politics and easement issues. It was a good lesson, and I had prepped by researching enough so I knew how to understand what was up. In the future, there may be an Elusive Ave. Now, the road is not even built.

I want to feel like part two of this book is how at peace I am now and maybe I can talk about how much I loved my father. I think part one will have been rage, this will be acceptance, and part three will be pink and green: pussy and money. Just kidding that I'm just kidding.

I am not fond of typing. I usually do audio recordings nowadays and this feels incredibly slow. Bruce Wagner comes to mind. And how he wrote Maps To The Stars and recently interviewed Lana Del Rey AKA Elizabeth Grant and how she's a ho for vintage Rolls Royces and how they probably go to exclusive recovery meetings that I'll never get invited to and how the central characters in MTTS as adapted by Cronenberg were a married brother and sister and how these two Jews down in the West Hollywood recovery room are brother and sister and they look like they control Sony and have "total information awareness" and now I'm wondering if Bruce Wagner was writing about them???

How MTTS was the only movie I paid to watch in a theater in 2015 after watching a pirated version of "The Interview" on my iPhone while camping in Chinatown under an translucent tarp exactly about last year. I went to \$6 "student of life" Tuesdays at the Sunset 5 to see MTTS in February 2015. I've taken to hashtagging it "MTTS" because it is a profound reference point to how I understand Hollywoodland.

The first movie I may have seen was "The Shining" by Stanley Kubrick. I was about five, sitting on my dad's lap at

1301 M. Street in Eureka, California. My parents were still married. I bet my dad was half drunk, but I don't know. The twins came on and I was terrified. I remember my mom yelling at my dad that I was too young to watch the movie. I bore a resemblance to the young boy actor in the movie, my dad bore a resemblance to the maniacal Jack Nicholson, and my mom bore a resemblance to the slender Shelley Duvall? yes I remembered her name - right-click search.

I

I

I just read a front page Jew York Times about Beverly Hills & Bel Air hill properties. It would have been 12/15/2015. Do me a favor and go read that article and watch Maps To The Stars. I read about the two cops of 90210 who got killed on Loma Vista Drive and I wondered if it was some sort of mob thing. Maybe they cut the brakes on the cement truck. And maybe I just have a creative imagination, or maybe that's a good question. But maybe that's a bad question.

Had to switch computers... but my narrative is still safe and sound here in google docs cyberspace. Only spellcheck is not automatic. Yeah it is, nevermind.

Now I'm in the mood to type... but I'm in the mood to type for Johnny. Because Johnny is a dad and an actor and he looks like he good benefit from my psychotic sense of humor. HA HA. but also, i saw a meme on facebook

that said "I put the HOT in PSYCHOTIC." and typing is so useless with upper and lower cases and quote marks and punctuation traditions. keep it reel, keep it going. reel in reeling.

my dad was black haired, my mom was black haired. I believe my first memory was when there was a crash in the kitchen and my mom swept me up and hid me in my dark bedroom. Later I saw my dad kicking the music box Fiddler on the Roof. It was a porcelain apparatus that played some Fiddler on the Roof song when wound up. It was white and auburn, or brown. He was kicking it in the kitchen, he was wasted. I thought he was a monster dad. My mom held me inside her arms and we hid in the dark and she said shhh quiet.

when I would run into their bedroom, I knew not to wake my dad, but I could wake my mom, but I couldn't tell who was who, one was monster dad and one was mom. I have a lot of memories after that of the house and the yard, and they are strengthened by the photographs.

peeing in a plastic zipup container because dad was taking a shower and I wasn't allowed in there when he was showering. pooping in the bathtub and my mom being mad. falling into a toychest that was shaped like a caboose and getting stuck and unable to cry out because I was doubled up. Nearly drowning in a mudpit. or not, maybe just sitting in a mudpit. Then the trauma of being trapped by the babysitter while my sister was being born. I was home while my parents were away and the babysitter pinned me to the ground

and put here legs over my back to keep my from scampering around. I believe I was yelling “it’s not fair! it’s not fair!”. I was three. Three years and 25 days I must’ve been. Not a terrible trauma, but I HATED feeling trapped. I was helplessly pinned by these

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

But you do have some idea, do you not?

As we enter part two of this old saga, let us commence to be warm... as two friends who have seen enough together that they may loosen up and get real. And may I

admonish myself for my previous tone? After all, you already knew all that shit didn't you? You knew Silverstein was the bagman, you knew about Bill Kristol and Harvey Mansfield. You analyzed the Stratfor leak, you knew about Project Minerva, Operation Northwoods, Garden Plot, Artichoke.

I think I will return to previous teases, like why would I pee on my dad's grave? And why would I sleep in a graveyard? Were they the same graveyards you're probably not wondering? Yes they were not. All of earth is a graveyard...

I'm thinking about applying to Oxford. It was where Bill Clinton went. I often think Bill was the bastard son of Winthrop Rockefeller and he may have had a direct hand in Mena drug dealing, but those are both speculative inquiries of differing potential.

dANG, i GOT CAUGHT UP IN WATCHING MY NEW SHOW meta. I mean, Dang, I got caught up in watching my new show META.

You are welcome to be smarter than me and Robert Bowman.

My dad was kind of a jerk. He bullied me once and I didn't forget.

And I lived in Evergreen Cemetery. If you kill me there, I'll already be dead.

My family, the Drehers, are buried there.

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

I feel my life can be summarized by the lyrics to “Comme d’habitude”. In fact, I was surprised to learn today more about this song that was bought by Paul Anka and made into “My Way” for Frank Sinatra. Dare I say “My Way” is sometimes revered as the most manly song of dignified modern American independence. To think it is not even American or authentic. Wikipedia said that Paul Anka bought the rights for a dollar. But another story is just another story. I searched the French lyrics on google and found they were nothing like the story of “My Way”. Instead they seemed to be about a man who was telling the story of his lady lover and how cool and aloof she was to him. So in fact, my life cannot be summed up by the lyrics to “Comme d’habitude”, but instead to see myself as one vain male striving endlessly to be cool and find some cool chick. I was taught to admire Kerouac and later Brigitte Bardot.

A right-click search reveals that she was reportedly 5’ 7”.

Directly in front of moi is Adele. I see her face on a building on Sunset Blvd. I guess it is her. Full face offset by 30 degrees, looking slim, but I estimate it would be a fuller face if I looked at it square on. I'm guessing she is 1000 to 2000 yards from moi.

And ten or fifteen yards in front of me is the red white and blue. Above the Californian Republic.

I know of Adele principally because I use YOUTUBE to hold and display my videos. As I login to YOUTUBE, I am suggested to watch the acts they put on the splash page. Often they remind me of Jimmy Fallon. They remind me of the latest Jew movie. Now it's starbucks I was going to type, but of course Star Wars. directed by Jew Jew Abrahms and starring Carrie Jew Fisher and Harrison Jew Ford.

As Harvey Mansfield describes the esoteric style of writing, the philosopher writes for his or her present audience, but also for the future eternal audience: posterity. I wish not to be troubled by the present audience, and often feel this exercise is bound to only cause reaction that is going to impede my serenity.

I fathom producing a copy for the sane man in Los Angeles.

I fathom producing a copy for my old friend who has moved to Montecito.

Yet he has not sent me his holiday tidings, nor his address,
nor his invitation for any housewarming party that may
or may not have occurred.

By now and earlier I was going to adopt the tone of
Dostoyevsky's "underground man" and say I DONT
GIVE A FUCK ABOUT THESE STOOGES.

but i do, to a degree. To which of the 360 degrees?

To which of the 365 degrees?

well 50 degrees to the north east goes Adele's face, like a
skinny fat face on Instascam and doodley fuckin do,
search "322" skull and bones grand meridian.

but don't.

As if I was concerned about you, I would email you this google
doc and not make a paper book, for it is easier to do a
right-click search while on a cyber doc than it is to type
it into a computer.

altho the data coming back from 322 skull and bones grand
meridian is specious. Ted Gunderson. Ted Gunderson
is specious.

but can i break it down for you?

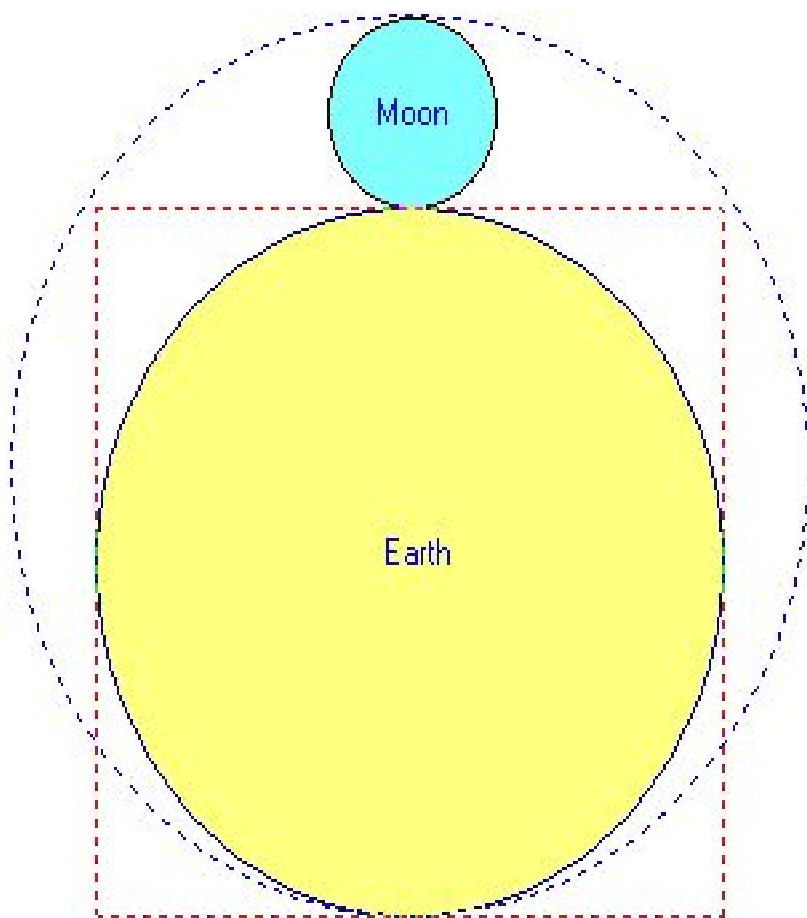
lucifer is latin for venus and venus makes a pentagram every
8 years if the orbit is traced and plotted // it has been
said //

yale and skull and bones are on a meridian // a line that goes through DC // to where // cork and knights templar.

nah that sounds like poppycock

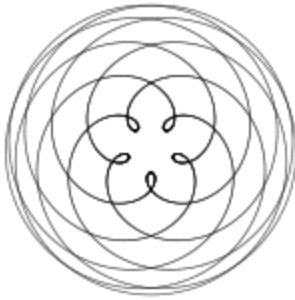
I'll tell you the rest later, but the circumference of the circle that encloses the diameter of the earth added to the diameter of the moon is said to be equal to the perimeter of the square that boxes the earth.

in fact, fuck it, i'm stealing the graphic.



the pentagram of venus involves

Pentagram of Venus



The pentagram of Venus. Earth is positioned at the center of the diagram, and the curve represents the direction and distance of Venus as a function of time.

The pentagram of Venus is the path that Venus makes as observed from [Earth](#). Successive [inferior conjunctions](#) of Venus repeat very near a 13:8 [orbital resonance](#) (Earth orbits 8 times for every 13 orbits of Venus), shifting 144° upon sequential inferior conjunctions. The resonance 13:8 ratio is approximate. $8/13$ is approximately 0.615385 while Venus orbits the Sun in 0.615187 years.

me saying FUCKIT, COPY AND PASTING SOME SHIT AND SAYING USE GOOGLE BITCHES!!!

ALSO TRYING TO CONVEY A BUNCH OF SHIT IN DEFERENCE TO CERTAIN MENTALITIES

AT A LOSS

$$13/8=1.625$$

THE GOLDEN RATIO IS 1.61803398875

$$\varphi = \frac{1 + \sqrt{5}}{2} = 1.6180339887 \dots$$

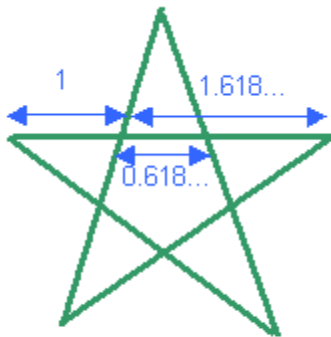


Fig. 2. Golden Proportion in the Pentagram

So by now, you are prolly all wha dafuq and hoo dafuq cares
and all?

i might as well throw some greek at your ass

well the pythagoreans discovered that that

approximately $2.618/1.618=1.618/1$

but precisely, the arms of the pentagram hold “the golden ratio”

long to middle equals middle to short

give i a fuck if you compute?

no

so lo and fucking behold why did the first synagogue of los angeles have a pentagram in the window?

I was reading a Jewish calendar distributed by Ralph’s supermarket and lo and behold i was stunned when i saw the first synagogue

and i have myself on video as i first beheld that!

and here is a high quality picture of that

guessing I’ll be reformatting it in the printed version of this IF
THE SATANISTS DONT KILL ME FIRST!

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR



CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

I DARE NOT LOOK BACK AT WHAT I'VE ALREADY
WRITTEN, LEST I ENDLESSLY DESIRE TO MAKE IT
COOLER.

FUCK IT DOG, LIFES A RIDDLE.

And to whom would I wish to comcom? communicate to?

yet I knew I wished to reveal my love for my father.

yet i knew i wished to reveal my love for my father.

yet i knew my dad was a monster, but not as bad of a monster
as other dads.

and like a troubled cool dude trying to make lemonade out of
lemons...

i chose to turn my story into something i could sell.

like when i was a kid in eureka california and my dad took me to hobart browns and i got to play the business game LEMONADE on the commodore. it taught you supply and demand within this little algorithm and dad and HOBART talked about VIETNAM

i never had a lemonade stand but i got to play LEMONADE and pretend like i was in business...

i jumped out of a tree over and over when i was five and my neighbor did too and then he broke his toenail off and went bleeding home and once my mom saved his brother from nearly drowning in the pond. they were stoners. the mom was stoned. i would swing off the rope and land in the hay until one day i landed and it really hurt. i didnt know what hurt was but i was shocked and uncomfortable and aching because there was less hay that day.

and all the lessons we learned about look before you leap
OR DONT LEAP

DONT LEAP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BUT WHATabout when i was about 12 and i was following this dumbass and behaving like a dumbass and the next thing i knew i was awaking and i had to go to the hospital because i had crashed my bike because i had ridden over this huge root and i thought id fly over it like

in a video game no problem. had to keep learning. but then i felt cool cuz i had all these gnarly scabs and i didnt have to swim in the early mornings anymore.

well back to how much i loved my dad for a night happy paart two for all the nice happy people out there and the triumphant arc from RAGE TO ACCEPTANCE TO BANAL WISDOM DISSEMINATED IN EASY FUCKING DOSES FOR YOU EASY FUCKING JOKERS.

LESS IS MORE
THERE, MY JOB IS DONE. SIMPLIFIED.

AGAIN.

DONT DO IT.

THATS IT, DONT DO IT.

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

WELL NOW THAT IVE CALMED DOWN A BIT, I WOULD LIKE TO APPRECIATE MY PROGRESS SO FAR.

I SOLVED NINE ELEVEN AND I DEMONSTRATED THAT THERE IS A PENTAGRAM OF VENUS AS WELL AS A

PENTAGRAM AT THE ROOT OF THE JEWISH
COMMUNITY IN LOS ANGELES.

MY HERO IS ROBERT BOWMAN. DAMN I JUST FOUND
OUT HE'S DEAD.

I GUESS I'M THE LAST AMERICAN HERO.

WIKIPEDIA EPIGRAM:

[Bob Bowman was very vocal about 9/11 and disputed the
official version of events. He said "*The truth about 9/11
is that we don't KNOW the truth about 9/11*", and "*if they
have nothing to hide, why are they hiding everything?*"
The latter was referring to what he believed to be the
hiding of videotapes of whatever had hit the pentagon
and the black boxes from the planes]

YOU KNOW THE FUNNY THING I HEARD ABOUT 911
FROM REBEKAH ROTH'S RADIO SHOW?

THE ISRAELI ART STUDENTS WHO WERE IN THE
TOWERS WERE ACTUALLY PHOTOGRAPHED IN
FRONT OF FUSES!!!



LITTLEFUSE BB 18

OH MY MISTAKE, THEY ARE FUSE HOLDERS!

FUSE HOLDERS!

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

DO YOUR JOB/ NEVER MIND. / DONT

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

i just finished JOHNDOEHOBO. check this in the future:
[TINYURL.COM/ZLUE6MM](https://tinyurl.com/ZLUE6MM) TINYURL.COM/ZLUE6MM

i CAN'T LISTEN to my raps while I'm typing, so I searched for JOHNDOEHOBO on google and came up with the instros on archive. circa 2016.

happy new year, it is January 5th, 2016 and i am seriously having a tough time deciding how to reinvent capitalization. it is a tuesday and i just thought about hucking this bitches bag off the side of the walkway because shes been fuckin wwith me for far too long. i like this better it is just commin as in comcom in communicatin. it is good for silent comcomin. al queda isis bombs boom new york jews synagogue. hi fbi, i was just remmembering what i can and cannot type and it was already a haystack a long long time ago.

but besides THAT we're all free to comcom all we want. right jews? sergie and larry. sergelarry.

so as to comcom// what is da point to comcom// to convey particular vernac contemporaneously to your niggas? SHUT THE TRAP////////// OR TO FOSSILIZE old words into BUULSHIT.

MADE A SCREENSHOT ABOUT IT// WANN HEAR IT HERE IT GOES//



1 response



John Metta in Childr...

Dec 8 · 2 min read

Snow Clerestory

The trees have places that they
grow
Cast over hillside's swale and dell.
It's as if all the species know
Whence they came, where seed
ought to dwell.

[Read more...](#)



1 response



John Metta

Nov 30 · 3 min read

You wrote:

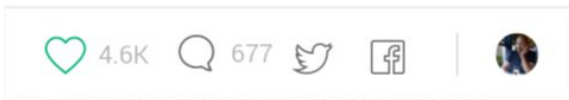
Katherine Reaume Meyer



SAME GUY WHO TYPED:



The reality of America is that White people are fundamentally good, and so when a white person commits a crime, it is a sign that they, *as an individual*, are bad. Their actions as a person are not indicative of any broader social construct. Even the fact that America has a growing number of violent hate groups, populated mostly by white men, and that nearly *all* serial killers are white men can not shadow the fundamental truth of white male goodness. In fact, we like White serial killers so much, we make mini-series about them.



AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE OPINED:



Jalien Adrian

10 hrs · 🌐

Referring to an all white cast of Lord of the Rings ,, "even when we make shit up we want it to be white."

Eloquently stated points.



10 Likes · 5 Comments



Like



Comment



Share

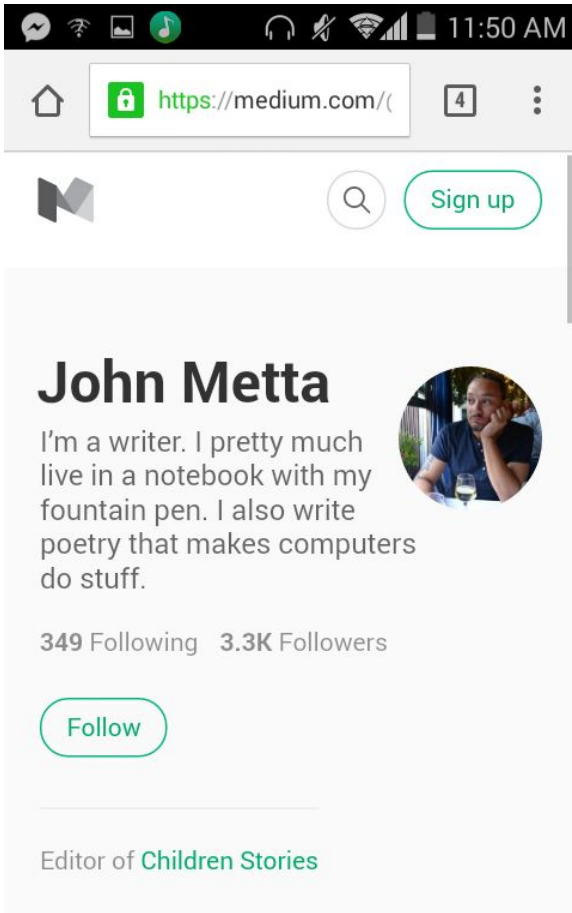


Jalien Adrian shared a link.

18 hrs · 🌐



IT IS TYPED ABOUT JOHN METTA THAT JOHN METTA IS A WRITER. I ALLEGE HE IS A TYPIST AS WELL.



HE UPPERCASES THE WORD “WHITE” AND THEN LOWERCASES IT.

THIS IS BEYOND A PET PEEVE OF MINE// IT IS PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE// AND MY OLD FRIEND IS AN ANTI WHITE NON SUPREMACIST//

AND BY NOW// I HAVE TURNED TO CRITIQUING OTHER
WRDSMTHS TO SATISFY MY EMPTY BLANK
SPACE.

THAT IS A FOUL//

BUT LEXICON WAR IS IT//

ITS IN//

ANOTHER ALLEGATION IS THAT SINCE METTA USES
“WHENCE” AND “OUGHT” IN FIRST EXAMPLE, HE IS
ACTUALLY WHITE//

HE IS A CLASSIC MULATTO WHO IS TORN BETWEEN
WANTING TO VILLAINIZE “White Men” WHILE ALSO
USING THE RAREFIED WORDS OF AN ENGLISH
STUDENT.

WHO KNOWS IF IM WRONG// WHO CARES// BUT THIS IS
THE ALLEGATION I TYPED//

I AM SICK OF ANTI WHITE SENTIMENT BEING PASSED
OFF AS SOMEHOW SOPHISTICATED
SOCIOLOGICAL WORK//

IT IS SIMPLY RACISM// AND JALIEN AND METTA ARE
RACISTS//

I KNEW THIS WHEN I SAID THE WORD *NIGGER* ON
YOUTUBE AND JALIEN HAD A PROBLEM WITH
THAT

BUT YOU CAN SAY *CRACKER* *NIGGA* CUZ YOU GOT
AN EIGHTH OF NIGGER IN YOU? PLESSY VS
FERGUSON// YOU ARE A BLACK SUPREMACIST
WHO GETS TO USE EXACTLY ONE MORE WORD
THAN I GET TO USE. WHOS THE BOSS BITCH?
YOU?

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

FUCK YOU

CHAPTER THIRTY

I have recently become acquainted with another man in WEHO90210. I will call him the insane man as an antithesis to the sane man. I will try not to imagine the Bugliosoing of moi. You know, that means the framing of a crazy fuck: the Bugliosing or Bugliosoing. I just picked up a book about language that describes "parallel" rhetoric. To quote, "If two or more ideas are parallel, they are easier to grasp when expressed in parallel grammatical form. Single words should be balanced with single words, phrases with phrases, clauses with clauses. . . Writers often use parallelism to create emphasis." [p. 111 of some fuckin book by a fuckin dumbass who typed SHOULD about language.]

SEARCH// SHOULD ETYM

[should](#)

c. 1200, from Old English sceolde, past tense of sceal (see [shall](#)). Preserves the original notion of "obligation" that has all but dropped from shall.

[shoulder \(v.\)](#)

c. 1300, "to push with the shoulder," from [shoulder](#) (n.). Meaning "take a burden" first recorded 1580s. The military sense is from 1590s. Related: Shouldered; shouldering.

[cold shoulder \(n.\)](#)

1816, in the figurative sense of "icy reception," first in Sir Walter Scott, probably originally a literal figure, but commonly used with a punning reference to "cold shoulder of mutton," considered a poor

man's dish and thus, perhaps, something one would set out for an unwanted guest with deliberate intention to convey displeasure.

How often have we admired the poor knight, who, to avoid the snares of bribery and dependence, was found making a second dinner from a cold shoulder of mutton, above the most affluent courtier, who had sold himself to others for a splendid pension! ["No Fiction," 1820]

WHAT IF I COULD REMOVE HYPERLINKS FROM GOOGLE
DOCS WITHOUT HAVING TO DO EXTENSIVE
GOOGLE SEARCHES TO UNDERSTAND HOW TO
DO IT?

WHAT IF YOU SHOULD FUCK OFF?

SHOULDER// SHOULD// MAN UP FOR GRANNY YOU LILY
LIVERED BITCH

REMEMBER/ HEMINGWAY WAS A *WRITER* ///// WE ARE
TYPISTS /// TYPERS, IF YOU WILL

TYPERS

CLICKERS

LINKERS

CODERS

FOUR BOOKS//

1/WORLD WAR II: ROOTS AND CAUSES (CHAPTER ABOUT HITLER INCLUDES JEWISH MALE NAME AS AUTHOR)

2/ARISTOTLE THE ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION (ONE PAGE PERUSAL: THEY RARELY JAILED FOR DEBTS//

3/MLA HANDBOOK

4/A WRITER'S REFERENCE (TWO FEMALE BITCHES WHO USE "SHOULD"// HACKER SOMMERS)

THOUGHT: IDEALISM IS FICTION)(YET IDEALISM CAUSES REALISM

NONREFERABLE

ESOTERIC

PATTERN MAINTENANCE FOR IMPROVING STRATEGIC THINKING

BROKEN KEYBOARD// FAILING INTERFACE//
GOOGLE CONTROLLED BY JEWS// FACEBOOK
CONTROLLED BY JEWS// WIKIPEDIA CONTROLLED
BY JEWS// DELETEOPEDIA

DELETIONPEDIA// MAINIFESTO

User:Guaka

200px

Guaka is a monicker for Kasper Souren.

I started Deletionpedia v2.

I was a very active editor of Wikipedia back from 2003 to around 2006, with thousands of edits on my name. Afterwards I've started quite a few wikis about various topics.

Deletionism has been a big reason for me to contribute less to Wikipedia. It's quite frustrating to see work you've done might be deleted if you don't participate in discussions with people who often have a lot of time on their hands are mostly discussing for the sake of discussing.

Leave a message on my talk page or contact me at kasper.re. contact me

Some more projects I work on:

- [Hitchwiki](#)
- moneyless.org
- wiki.yt

NO SPELLCHECK?/ MANIFESTO

I SAW THE UNABOMBERS TYPEWRITER AT THE PALEY
MUSEUM IN 90210// BACK IN THE DAY I HEARD

THEY RECOGNIZED HIM BY A DISTORTED LETTER
“O” ON HIS MANUAL TYPEWRITER

AT DISPLAY// NO OBVIOUS MENTION OF DISTORTED
LETTER “O”

HEAD of the FBI’s Anthrax Investigation Says the Whole Thing Was a SHAM

Posted on [April 17, 2015](#) by [WashingtonsBlog](#)

Agent In Charge of Amerithrax Investigation Blows the Whistle

The FBI head agent in charge of the anthrax investigation –
Richard Lambert – has just [filed a federal whistleblower
lawsuit](#) calling the entire FBI investigation bullsh!t:

SEARCH// RICHARD LAMBERT

SEARCH// RICHARD LAMBERT HEAD OF FBI ANTHRAX
DIVISION

09-11-01

THIS IS NEXT

TAKE PENACILIN NOW

DEATH TO AMERICA

DEATH TO ISRAEL

ALLAH IS GREAT

09-11-01

YOU CAN NOT STOP US.

WE HAVE THIS ANTHRAX.

YOU DIE NOW.

ARE YOU AFRAID?

DEATH TO AMERICA.

DEATH TO ISRAEL.

ALLAH IS GREAT.

USE LOGIC TO CONCLUDE LIKELY MODUS OPERANDI

REMEMBER SAYERET MAKTEL// WTC7// LARRY SILVERSTEIN// OPERATION NORTHWOODS// & THE PROJECT FOR THE NEW AMERICAN CENTURY

mo·dus op·e·ran·di
|mōdəs |äpə'randē/
noun

noun: **modus operandi**; plural noun: **modi operandi**

- 1. a particular way or method of doing something, especially one that is characteristic or well-established.
- 2. "the volunteers were instructed to buy specific systems using our usual modus operandi—anonynously and with cash"

1. synonyms:	method (of working), way , MO , manner , technique , style , procedure , approach , methodology , strategy , plan , formula ; <i>formal</i> praxis "his modus operandi: study the market, follow the trends and patterns, then make an informed decision"
--------------	--

- the way something operates or works.

Elliott Abrams, a former Reagan-era Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. During the Iran/Contra scandal, Abrams pleaded guilty to two misdemeanor counts of lying to Congress but was later pardoned by the first Bush administration. He subsequently became president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center. He is currently a member of Bush's National Security Council.

Gary Bauer, a Republican presidential candidate in 2000, who currently is president of an organization named American Values.

William J. Bennett, who served during the Reagan and first Bush administrations as U.S. Secretary of Education and Drug Czar. Upon leaving government office, Bennett became a "distinguished fellow" at the conservative Heritage Foundation, co-founded Empower America, and established himself as a self-proclaimed expert on morality with his authorship of *The Book of Virtues*.

Jeb Bush, the son of former President George Herbert Walker Bush and brother of current President George W. Bush. At the time of PNAC's founding, Jeb Bush was a candidate for the Florida governor's seat, a position which he currently holds.

Dick Cheney, the former White House Chief of Staff to Gerald R. Ford, six-term Congressman, and Secretary of Defense to the first President Bush, was serving as president of the oil-services giant Halliburton Company at the time of PNAC's founding. He subsequently became U.S. vice president under George W. Bush.

Eliot A. Cohen, a professor of strategic studies at John Hopkins University

Paula Dobriansky, vice president and director of the Washington office of the Council on Foreign Relations. Currently Dobriansky serves in the Bush administration as Undersecretary of State for Global Affairs.

Steve Forbes, publisher, billionaire, and Republican presidential candidate in 1996 and 2000. Forbes has also campaigned actively on behalf of the "flat tax," which would reduce the federal tax burden for wealthy individuals like himself.

Aaron Friedberg, professor of politics and international affairs; Director, Center of International Studies; Director, Research Program in International Security, Woodrow Wilson School, Princeton University.

Francis Fukuyama, author of *The End of History and the Last Man*; Dean of the Faculty and Bernard L. Schwartz Professor of International Political Economy at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) at Johns Hopkins University. Appointed to the President's Council on Bioethics by George W. Bush, January 2002.

Frank Gaffney - conservative columnist; founder and president of the Center for Security Policy in Washington, D.C. Web-site: <http://www.centerforsecuritypolicy.org/>

Fred C. Ikle, "distinguished scholar" at the Center for Strategic and International Studies

Donald Kagan, professor of history and classics at Yale University and the author of books including *While America Sleeps: Self-Delusion, Military Weakness, and the Threat to Peace Today*; *A Twilight Struggle: American Power and Nicaragua, 1977-1990*; and *The Origins of War and the Preservation of Peace*. Kagan is also a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for

International Peace, a contributing editor at the Weekly Standard and a Washington Post columnist, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Alexander Hamilton fellow in American diplomatic history at American University. Past experience includes: Deputy for Policy in the State Department's Bureau of Inter-American Affairs (1985-1988); State Department's Policy Planning Staff member (1984-1985); speechwriter to Secretary of State George P. Shultz (1984-1985); foreign policy advisor to Congressman Jack Kemp (1983); Special Assistant to the Deputy Director of the United States Information Agency (1983); Assistant Editor at the Public Interest (1981).

Zalmay Khalilzad, an Afghan-American who was the only Muslim among the group's original signatories and the only signatory who was not a native-born U.S. citizen. Khalilzad has become the Bush administration's special envoy to Afghanistan after the fall of the Taliban as well as is special envoy to the Iraqi opposition to Saddam Hussein. Khalilzad has written about information warfare, and in 1996 (in pre-Taliban days), he served as a consultant to the oil company Unocal Corporation (UNOCAL) regarding a "risk analysis" for its proposed pipeline project through Afghanistan and Pakistan.

William Kristol, PNAC's chairman, is also editor of the Weekly Standard, a Washington-based political magazine. His past involvements have included: lead of the Project for the Republican Future, chief of staff to Vice President J. Danforth Quayle, chief of staff to Secretary of Education William J. Bennett under the Reagan administration, taught politics at the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard's Kennedy School of Government.

- I. Lewis Scooter Libby, who later became chief of staff for Vice President Dick Cheney.
- Norman Podhoretz, a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and author of works such as *Patriotism and its Enemies*.
- J. Danforth Quayle, former vice president under President George Herbert Walker Bush and a presidential candidate himself in 1996.
- Peter W. Rodman, who served in the State Department and the National Security Council under Presidents Ronald Reagan and George Herbert Walker Bush, became the current Bush administration's Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security affairs in 2001.
- Stephen P. Rosen, Beton Michael Kaneb Professor of National Security and Military Affairs at Harvard University.
- Henry S. Rowen was president of the RAND Corporation from 1967-1972. He served under former presidents Reagan and Bush as chairman of the National Intelligence Council (1981-83) and Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs (1989-91). He currently holds the title of "senior fellow" at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace
- Donald H. Rumsfeld served former President Gerald R. Ford as chief of transition after Richard M. Nixon's resignation, later becoming Ford's chief of staff and secretary of defense from 1974-75. He subsequently served from 1990-93 as CEO of General Instrument Corporation and later as Chairman of the Board of Gilead Sciences, a pharmaceutical company. In 1998 he served as chairman of the bi-partisan US Ballistic Missile Threat Commission. Under President George W.

Bush, he once again assumed the post of Secretary of Defense.

Vin Weber, a former Republican congressman from Minnesota, is now a well-connected lobbyist who has represented such firms as AT&T, Lockheed Martin and Microsoft. Weber is also vice chairman of Empower America and a former fellow of the Progress and Freedom Foundation.

George Weigel, a Roman Catholic religious and political commentator, is a "senior fellow" at the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

Paul Dundes Wolfowitz, formerly Dean and Professor of International Relations at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University, became Undersecretary of Defense for President George W. Bush in 2001.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

THIS IS ALL OLD NEWS. Robert Bowman is dead. Michael Ruppert is dead.

[modus operandi \(n.\)](#)

"way of doing or accomplishing," 1650s, Latin, literally "mode of operating" (see [modus](#)). Abbreviation m.o. is attested from 1955.

imagine PRESCOTT BUSH ON BOARD OF CBS// THEN PALEY IS SUED BY JEWS

JEWS RUN CBS FOR AWHILE

IS SKULL AND BONES IN CHARGE OF JEWS?

OR ARE JEWS IN CHARGE OF SKULL AND BONES?

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REMIND ME TO tell you my theories about Louis Lyman Lemnitzer (LLL).

THE JEWS, THE STRAUSSIANS AND THE JOINT.

THEY BROUGHT THE TOWERS DOWN.

THIS IS OLD NEWS, I'M JUST INFORMING YOU.

Lemnitzer retired from the military in July 1969. His 14-year tenure as a four star general on active duty is the longest in the history of the U.S. Army. In 1975, President [Ford](#) appointed Lemnitzer to the [Commission on CIA Activities within the United States](#) (aka the Rockefeller Commission) to investigate whether the [Central Intelligence Agency](#) had committed acts that violated US laws, and allegations that [E. Howard Hunt](#) and [Frank Sturgis](#) (of [Watergate](#) fame) were involved in the [assassination of John F. Kennedy](#).

CORRECTION: LYMAN LOUIS LEMNITZER

LLL

I HEARD WESLEY C CLARK SPEAK. CLARK HELD SAME POST AS LEMNITZER// SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER OF NATO. I SAT TEN FEET DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM.

WHO HAS POWER? HE HAD ONE BODYGUARD VISIBLE. HE WAS RETIRED. IT WAS MENTIONED THAT HIS BIGGEST DONORS WERE JEWISH WHEN HE RAN FOR PRESIDENT. NO IT WASNT. HOLOCAUST EM ALL.

HOLOCAUSE MY REPORTS

*HOLOCAUST MY PAPERS.

DELETOPEDIA NICHOLAS ROCKEFELLER

E. HOWARD HUNT ADMITTED TO BEING A PART OF THE
PLOT TO KILL JFK

SULZBERGER NYT IGNORED THIS IN HIS OBIT.

NEWYORKTIMES

JEUYORKTIMES

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

People, I just want to be done with this book. I was going to type, "Man, I just want to be done with this book", but then I was all, nah --- I gotta start saying "people" instead of "man" because I am trying to include the hypothesis that females might receive this data as well as my male friends. I am working on my website lately. Typing the qwerty keyboard in certain ways, right-click copy and pasting, clicking on the mouse to upload sections of code to program a music player and order paywalls for bitcoin purchase. For more info on that, find me on the web circa 2016.

Back to the archaic form of text, altho realizing distribution will be most effectively achieved by sending you a pdf link or html webpage. Therefore, the typed text has at least two general applications: to be a paper book and to be digital text. I look most forward to the paper book, altho I have seen my own printouts of previous chapters and I have also downloaded a pdf onto my portable computer AKA a phone.

I have a "phone" but I do not pay a cellular bill. I often used it to videochat with my girlfriend Jess. The Facebook app Messenger allows for free voice calls, free video calls and free texting. I try to inform humans about why this is useful, but humans like my mom and the sane man in Los Angeles don't seem to understand why I would want to use this free service, or why they would want to. Typically it is a metaphorical uphill battle to inform. Period. To inform. Which really was the metaphorical kernel for why I was metaphorically on the fence about whether I even wanted to "write" my story.

i JUST got cockblocked by YouJewb again. Well, at least their algorithms are swift. They blocked

Want All of It - Ying Blazin

Sound recording

15:00 - 16:01

-
- TuneCore
- On behalf of: Hot Bangers Productions

So much for HIP HOP.

FUCKYOUTUBE

I would love to go on a diatribe about all the problems with YouPube, but I have done that for years in my audio archives. They do not pay me to make them better, they ignore me. I recently found out the currently selected CEO is a Jew. Susan Woj something. Out of respect to her, I won't specifically ridicule her, but she is the sister-in-law to one of the two Jews who founded Joogle AKA Google. So Jews run Facebook, Google and YouTube. She seems like a kind of dumb Jew female, but I haven't studied her enough. to type that without remorse. I don't have respect for her. Is that not a clear case of nepotism? And do not many people typically dislike nepotistic arrangements for their clear opposition to more favored meritocratic arrangements? These are the mores of our age. EVERY

CHARACTER TRAIT YOU HAVE HAS BEEN
INFLUENCED BY JEWISH CONTROLLED MEDIA.
YOUR MIND IS A COLLECTION OF SHOULD
COULDS AND WOULDs INFLUENCED BY JEWISH
DISNEY. THEY STOLE WALT'S DREAM AND LEFT
HIM IN A CRYROGENIC TANK.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S TYPED LEXICON:

New historical research shows there's no evidence that Walt
Disney was a rabid anti-Semite, according to a new
documentary.

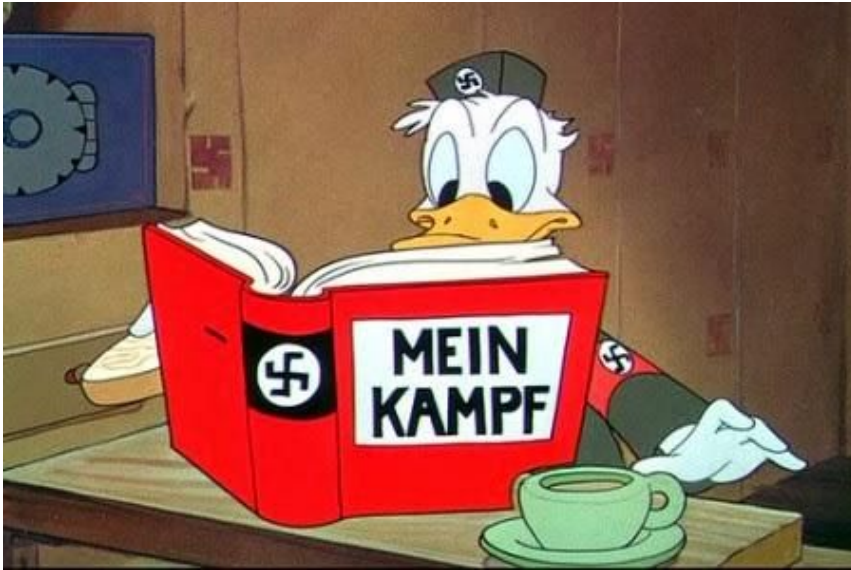
The cartoon pioneer's legacy has been dogged by claims that
he was biased against Jews. However, biographers and
filmmakers who recently re-examined the subject are
calling those allegations into question.

It's "absolutely preposterous to call him anti-Semitic,"
composer Richard Sherman said Sunday, commenting
on a new PBS *American Experience* documentary that
will air next month.

^MUST NOT BE GOOD FOR PROFITS TO HAVE HIS
IMAGE BE ANTI-SEMITIC ANYMORE.

On a personal note, I realized one of my ideological
antagonists has Jewed himself into a nice position in
post-production with a Silverstein. Did Jew get a good
job Jew? Keep on hating on WHITE MALES. I never
really knew why he hated white males so much,
because I knew he was a fat white male. I didn't realize
he was a JEW. It seems the Jews often do not think of

themselves as white, so then they are able to HATE WHITE MALES without seeing a contradiction. More on that when I'm not typing for the goyim who will react to my statements with hostility. Again, it is not WORTH the trouble to type what I have seen. Each paper copy of this book will be priced at \$100 TO START.



CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

I was just thinking about getting censored by a court of law for using the image above. Donald Duck reading Mein Kampf. And now i am uploading a bunch of good videos into archive. and why capitalize. why capitulate? why spell “correctly”?

And why insist to myself that this book should be 200 pages? I’ve already given them a lifetimes worth of questions and a bunch of data. no possessive apostrophe in spoken Engrish, why in written engrish?

i wanted this section to be about my love of my dad. all the happy lovely memories. and then part three would be where i execute all my enemies and take the throne.

i have a memory for you and then maybe i’ll be done. after all i’m not getting paid to do this, and i have already determined the returns of this to be unknown to me. unlikely to amount to squat. i only wanted to print out a book so i could say i had written a book, but of course i havent written jack, jus typed and pasted some shit.

ah, it feels so good to not give a fuck. my old friend said, “you’ve still got to write the great american novel.” but he meant The Great American Novel. i thought that would be kind of cool, but guess what. which Jew is going to publish this for me? I’m not planning to go on Oprah to “discuss” my book. and my new friend, who i’ve already undercut by giving him a comic name (the sane man) says he thinks it’s good to finish this book. they would be my first two readers. I could ask them to

pay me. They've both paid me --- or given me money --- in the recent past. and so I feel obligated. and hence this is the function of PROPER punctuation, to defer to AUTHORITYs and to submit. TO SUBMIT. May I submit to you? may i humbly request an opportunity to submit to You?

i'll always give a fuckk.

One day when I was about twelve or fourteen, I approached my dad. I said, "Dad do you really believe in Jesus?"

He looked at me and sneered and said "YEEESSSS." in one of the most nasty, sarcastic voices I have ever heard.

I had asked with absolute humility.

I was completely in need of clarity as to why so many intelligent people seemed to ridicule Christianity. I could explain more. there weren't too many happy memories.

To cherish my father would be for The Great American Novel.

After all, when I chose to type the truth about 9/11, and I chose to risk my family against the shadow government, maybe I didn't give a full fuck about them anymore because I already knew they were wastes.

The innocent muslim children being killed in Iraq and Afghanistan meant more to me. But I also might not have thought the mercenaries would strike.

The other night, I almost believed that nothing sinister happened to my dad.

Did I mention Richard Lambert?

the problem with this operation is that the readers are typically unqualified to understand my emotions, because they do not have the background data to understand why I have certain emotions.

then the truism is that “this is your job as a writer”

THIS IS NOT MY JOB

The term "Great American Novel" derives from the title of an essay^[1] by [American Civil War](#) novelist [John William De Forest](#). More broadly, however, the concept originated

in [American nationalism](#) and the call for American counterparts to great British authors.^{[\[citation needed\]](#)}

In modern usage, the term is often figurative and represents a [canonical](#) writing, a literary benchmark emblematic of what defines American literature in a given era. Aspiring writers of all ages, but especially students, are often said to be driven to write "the Great American Novel". Theoretically, such is, presumably, the greatest American book ever written, or which could ever be written. Thus, "Great American Novel" is a metaphor for identity, a [Platonic ideal](#) that is not achieved in any specific texts, but whose aim writers strive to mirror in their work.^{[\[citation needed\]](#)}